PUCK





"HERE, JOCKO!"



PUCK No. 1773. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year. \$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months. Payable in advance,

#### Cartoons and Comments

THROUGH the introduction at DYING SO THAT OTHERS Albany of a bill "to investigate the abuses of vivisec-MAY LIVE. tion," firing has become general

all along the line of this much-discussed subject. A wordy war of letters is in progress in the newspapers, and some effective shots have been fired by the vivisectionists. Puck's point of view is expressed, strikingly expressed, we believe, in the center-page cartoon of this issue. If it were not for its tragic background of human suffering, one would be justified in

calling the whole noisome business a tempest in a teapot; but the fact that the vivisectionists, medical men and scientists, are not making this fight for the right to cut open live animals, but solely for the right to seek uninterrupted, through intelligent experiment, cures for human ailments which hitherto have baffled medical skill, and which yearly take their toll of pain and death, raises the controversy from a trivial to a serious level. The men and women who oppose vivisection do so, probably, out of love for domestic animals. They have pet cats and pet dogs on which they lavish affection, and doubtless it is but natural, when they read of vivisectional research, that they should think of these and shudder "Suppose it were 'poor Gyp' or 'poor Tabby' that those wretches had in their clutches!" But, to go a little deeper into the subject, it is probable that those who oppose vivisection on "merciful" grounds have had in their households, like countless other people, sufferers from fatal maladies, maladies the mere announcement of which

ofttimes is tantamount to a death certificate. If by so doing they might make possible the recovery of a father or mother, a wife or child, would not the most rabid anti-vivisectionists be willing to sacrifice their Gyps and their Tabbies? Particularly as, once found, a cure would mean recovery, not only for their own flesh and blood, but for thousands of other sufferers the world over? If not, then anti-vivisectionists are something less than human. As a whole, the issue is very plain. Vivisection, as the name indicates, must deal with live organs, not with life-

less ones. Doctors, seeking cures for the "incurable," must have life on which to experiment; death is unresponsive. That being so, either live animals or live human beings must afford science its opportunity if maladies like cancer and infantile paralysis are ever to be conquered. If not on men and women, then vivisectional research must be carried on by means of dogs, guinea-pigs, rabbits, and monkeys. Of the first mentioned there are enough dogs at large in our city streets to render needless the sacrifice of pets. As to the matter of "torture" which

anti-vivisectionists harp on, we should think that even the most prejudiced "anti" could not fail to realize how utterly baseless is that charge after the straightforward explanations of laboratory procedure which, over well-known professional signatures, have lately appeared in the newspapers. But even if the use of anæsthetics were undesirable, even if an occasional animal did suffer, what is that compared with the tragedy of human suffering? There should be no argument possible anent the death of dogs if through their death human lives may be saved. Dogs in the Pass of St. Bernard save occasionally a single life. Any year, any day, a homeless cur in the hands of science may be the means of saving ten thousand lives. The privilege of dying so that others may live is sometimes deemed a precious one. Why deny it to the dog, the rabbit, and the guinea-pig?

DEPT. OF TAXES

HAD HE LIVED IN NEW YORK, WASHINGTON WOULD HAVE LOST THAT REPUTATION FOR VERACITY.

T MAKES us question our ears when a Republican President speak of "auseless, illogical, and unnecessary tariff wall."



EVEN THEN.

AMERICAN CITIZEN (A.D. 1810). - You don't take much interest in Congress, Ezra? ANOTHER .- No. I tell you they don't have the men there that they had twenty years ago!

#### WISE COUNSEL.

HEN Austin Dobson took his pen And wrote ballades - a dainty few -He was the first of Englishmen That Gallic form of verse to do. The poets shouted: "Something new!" And each one scribbled five or six, Yet no one thought we'd ever sue "DON'T write ballades-ballades are nix!"

The Frenchy verse caught on-and then Ballades by hundreds came to view, And nine, at least, of every ten Were rimed—as this one is—in "oo": Refrains of every manner grew, As light as love, as stiff as sticks, Till people cried-in language blue-"DON'T write ballades—ballades are nix!"

"The snows of yesteryear" again And yet again were melted through, The poets brought it to our ken In sad ballades that reeked with rue: They made ballades both false and true On love, and gold, and politics, Till even editors said: "Whew! DON'T write ballades—ballades are

nix!"

#### ENVOI.

Poet, this screed is meant for you: Beware of getting in my fix,
I've written HUNDREDS—sold but TWO! DON'T write ballades-ballades are NIX! Berton Bralev.

#### NOT THE TURTLE'S FAULT.

MR. MARRYNEW (a little crossly).—This soup, Agnes, does n't seem to taste much like turtle.

Mrs. Marrynew.-I don't see why, John. I let the turtle swim around in the kettle until the water was nearly hot enough to scald the poor little thing!

#### THE MILITARY ART.

The King of France, having marched his twenty thousand men up a hill one day, assembled a council of war and commanded the General Staff to submit a plan of campaign.

Accordingly the General Staff, after a grave discussion lasting all

night, drew up a minute.

"It is evident," the minute recited, "that a vital emergency impends. To leave so large a body of troops where they are were in our opinion inexpedient, and for a number of reasons, namely:

"1. It would embarrass the commissary, disturb the entire machinery of the War Office, and perhaps compel some of the clerks to work overtime.

2. It would withdraw the forces from the garrison towns, where they are needed to keep up the social

"3. Finally, it would imperil the defenses of the realm, shake public confidence, and depress business. Possibly these are not properly objects of consideration at our hands, but we venture to speak of them.

"Our unanimous recommendation is, therefore, that the twenty thousand men be marched down hill again."

The King was graciously pleased so to order. Nor did His Majesty stop there, but with his own royal hand decorated the members of the General Staff, in recognition of their brilliant strategy.

JOURNALISM is tapping on the floor in time with the music-Literature is dancing to it.



SPRING MILLINERY.

ny man may have the courage of his convictions if he will simply take time to pick out the right kind of convictions.



THE MAN ON A DIET.

#### THE PURSUIT OF FICTION.

HERE was a delectable baby upon the cover. Doubtless that was why I picked up the magazine, for I protest myself usually able to

with stand the blandishments of the ladies' journals, having found that I love them not wisely. However, this one lay upon the hall table of the house where we "take our meals," and that particular repast being not yet quite ready to be taken, I grasped the baby as possible solace

for the vacant interval.

That dimpling and apparently artless infant led me on to the second page of the periodical, where was depicted a young woman whose attitude and facial expression were most strange. I was at

were most strange. I was at a loss to name the emotion which could produce this outward mien, and finding myself possessed of a desire to know what ailed her I began to read. It had taken the most of the page to delineate the lady; so, glancing at the title, "The Unfinished Story," I read the narrow section of print down one side of the picture

(a process against which my eyes always rebel), crossed over, and hopped down the other side, then sailed more equably along the lines at the bottom of the page only to bump up against the interruption "(Continued on page 37.)" Immediately I turned a liberal allowance of pages as one leaf, and came upon a layout of neckwear of such intricate allurement that the most sober feminine mind must capitulate at once and reel off upon a delicate debauch of lace and hemstitchery. Yes, I possessed just the handkerchief, with a "brack" in the centre, whose embroidered edges could be

coaxed into a likeness to one of those illustrations. I reveled through the paragraph which laid bare the



TWO HEARTS THAT PURR AS ONE.

TOMMY KITTEN.—Say, is that you or me purring? TABBY KITTEN.—I'm sure I don't know!

mystery of turning the corners over and the hem under and finishing with three pleats and a pucker, my zeal quite undampened by the certain knowledge that the handkerchief in question would have to be exhumed from the heterogeneous depths of a packing-box, and that I had no spare moments to squander upon such frivols. I was on the point of returning to reason and my search for page 37 when dinner was announced and we marched in and took it at once.

The noon meal of the following day renewed the association, and I picked up the same magazine, refreshed my memory as to the page to be sought, slipped warily past the sirens who jabbered of jabots, and took up once more the thread of the story. In this installment He appeared. I read on rapidly through a half column, and came with a sudden thud to "(Continued on page 42.)" In pursuit of 42 I started, hot-foot, and this time I fell before bungalows.

Now, bungalows are my weakness; to my flatcramped heart they spell not only home, but haven — heaven! It was a full page of dear little nesty houses in the softest coloring. How I fairly trembled with appreciation of each vine - wreathed peak and

post. In fancy I saw the gentle brown tints of a wide-armed livingroom, where the Man and I sat and basked, body and soul, in crimson fire-shine. I was seriously considering

the desirability of porch-lanterns when the imperative summons to take on fuel for the afternoon's activities brought me ruthlessly back to a boarding-house table.

But the next noon found me looking forward to the magazine with something of the zest of the hunter. I grasped it relentlessly, found page 42 with grim haste, and continued the tale. Despite my having taken it,

like a pepsin preparation, in small doses at mealtime, the story was growing interesting. Before long now, I felt sure, I should know what epochal crisis in the life of the heroine had given the illustrator his painful idea. Greedily I read by sentences, but the landlady was more than usually prompt that day, and when I was compelled to lay down the narrative I was in the middle of a column.

Delay but piqued curiosity. By the ensuing dinner-time I was avid,

only to find the magazine gone - the landlady had lent it to her sister-in-law who wished to try a novel recipe for chopped pickle. For two weeks after that I turned over at intervals the periodicals upon the hall table with varying interest. Then, when I had forgotten all about it, re-appeared the dimpling baby of the well-remembered cover design. Determinedly I sought a rocker, the proper page, the middle of the column, and took the remainder almost at a gulp to discover, undismayed, the legend "(Concluded on the third cover.)"

I turned the magazine over—the back was missing! I tried the adjacent pages, scrutinizing carefully between advertising matter for the final section of "The Unfinished Story."

It was not there!

"Man," said I at last, "what is the 'third cover'?"

"Cover of what?" queried the Man.

"Why, of a woman's magazine. What did you think I meant?"
"Now what should I know about women's magazines?" protested
the Man, as he returned to his perusal of the sporting page.

Whatever it was, at least it was gone, stuffed into some waste-basket, doubtless, with other fragments of minced fiction. I shall never know what ailed the young woman.

Avery Abbott.



SIGHT-SEEING IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

THOSE WHO "SEE AMERICA FIRST". WILL OF COURSE HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT THESE PICTURESQUE BEGGARS.

THE COMIC-SUPPLEMENT ARTIST AND HIS ANCESTRY.



G. MCSWAT SMIRKS, THE COMIC-SUP-PLEMENT ARTIST.

CAPT. KIDDER, THE BUCCANEER, who derived keen pleasure from seeing prisoners walk

DIEGO TORTUO, THE INQUISITOR, who chuckled at agony.

SIR MAULAHEAD, OF THE ROUND TABLE whose favorite outdoor amusement was a nice, bloody tour-

ZERO SNEEZER EMPEROR OF ROME who thought it we funny to burn peop for garden lights.

HAROLD ROCSMASHER, OF THE STONE AGI the original slugge



#### IN AT THE DEATH.

SENTIMENTAL DAUGHTER. — Oh, father! Look! Is n't the dying day beautiful?

PRACTICAL PARENT (awakening from nap).—What? Where is it? I didn't know we hit anything!

#### A SLIGHT OBSTACLE.

E took a course by mail in story writing,
'T was meant to teach just how to weave a tale.
The outline of the plan appeared inviting,
Its sponsors guaranteed it could n't fail.

He started in with confidence unbounded, And every phase and aspect studied well. The lesson finished, he was quite astounded To find he had no tale at all to tell.

Walter G. Doty.

#### SECOND-COUSIN RAYMOND.

"A CTING as a reception committee of one," grimly said the Old Codger, in reply to the inquiry of a neighbor who had encountered the veteran humped up and shuddering in the frigid waiting-room of the railway station at 6:10 a.m., "I'm here to meet my Second-Cousin Raymond and his retinue, and not expecting them to arrive this morning for the reason that, as Cousin Raymond wrote that he would positively be on this train my long acquaintance with Raymond and his peculiarities leads me to believe that he will not come until later.

"Second-Cousin Raymond is one of those jocund souls who subsist on borrowed money and shed sunshine like the otter sheds otter of roses.

"He believes that whatever happens is for the best, and eats you out of house and home with a cheering indifference to carking care. He always brings all his folks, including his wife, who came of a fine old Southern family and never in her life did anything else, and their children, all of whom, even the hare-lipped one, are as sunny and hungry as their parents, and generally another relative or two whom

Cousin Raymond has generously invited to come along. This time Raymond writes that though he has had a—ha! ha! —mortgage foreclosed on him

lately, and his—tee! hee!—Mexican Rubber Plantation stock did n't turn out quite as well as he expected, and a few other little—haw! haw!—things like that have slipped a cog, the Lord is still with him. So possibly that 's who he's bringing along upon this occasion.

"But be that as it may, I've come down here to meet Raymond whenever he arrives, and slip him a ten-dollar bill, and a hint, and slide him and his gang back onto the train before it starts, and shove them along to Puxico and onto Third-Cousin Lester, who has but lately been visiting us. That's one nice thing about Raymond—his disposition is so sunny that he don't give a darn who he sponges on, just so's he gets plenty."

Tom P. Morgan.

#### AFTER HOURS.

JUDGE.—You are sentenced to twenty years at hard labor. Have you anything to say?

J labor. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner.—Say, Judge, can't you fix it up so I can get paid for overtime in case I want to stay longer?



#### BETTER STILL.

CHARLEY.—Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm the happiest man on earth!
GEORGE.—Congratulations! Then she has accepted you?
CHARLEY.—Goodness, no! But she has promised me faithfully that, no
matter what happens, she will never allow my letters to be read in court!

### THE MEN OF THE METERS. WHICH IS THE POET'S BILL AND WHICH IS THE PLUMBER'S BILL?

 To John Henry Smith, Dr.
 To W. H. Jones, Dr.

 Olives
 I bottle
 \$0.75
 Can of Corn
 \$0.25

 Celery
 I bunch
 .50
 Tomatoes
 .20

 Grapefruit
 I
 .30
 Potatoes
 .40

 Sherry
 I bottle
 I.25
 Lard
 .10

 Tokay
 I
 6.00
 Eggs
 .20

 Champagne
 I
 6.00
 Chuck Steak
 .31

\$17.30



NATURE'S MODEL.

NEAR-SIGHTED TOURIST.—That's the first monoplane I 've seen equipped with an equilibrator.

A few years time and a poetic touch or two are enough to transform a pretty noisome scandal into a very tolerable romance,

THE COST



III.

To tropic climes I made a dash, But Yankee industry had come; It took away my ready cash, And left me hollow as a drum.



BEATITUDE.

LESSED are the pure in heart, for a number of reasons:

1. They are not numerous enough to

(a) Have a magazine published expressly for them,

(b) Be considered in making up the party ticket.

2. There is no tariff schedule written especially for their benefit, with the result that they do not have

(a) To dig up for the campaign fund

every four years,

(b) To pretend that
Protection is for
the public's good
when they know
better.

3. They are too poor to be operated on.

4. Their wives wear too few diamonds to have it expected of them, as a patriotic duty, that they will help keep up the musical atmosphere.

5. Socially they are nobodies, and what of felicity that means only those who are socially somebodies can know.

#### THICK AND THIN.

THE PLOT thickened.
The heroine, on the other hand, though many years elapsed, remained thin throughout the entire five acts of the play.

five acts of the play.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed buoyantly, in the face of Fate, for when, on appearing in her sixteenth gown, she perceived that women in the audience were about to expire of envy, she felt that her future was, on the whole, safe.

Just when a fellow begins to think the business couldn't possibly go on without him, he gets fired.



CONOMY'S a dying art
For all who in the city dwell;
The cost of life there broke my heart,
And broke me other ways as well.

A country inn I hunted down,
A place I thought I could afford,
But when they heard I came from town
The natives raised the price of board.



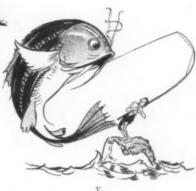
I made the frozen North my goal, In hopes to find things cheaper there, But Peary's journey to the Pole Advanced the price of polar bear.



#### THE WALLS OF JERICHO.

"I've got a scheme," said the manufacturer of automobile accessories to his partner. "My little boy came home last Sunday with a story about a wall in a town named Jericho being blown down by a fellow with a horn Now, why not hunt up this fellow, —Joshua, I think his name was, —and get him to sign a testimonial that it was a horn of our make that did the trick? It'll be the biggest kind of an ad. for us,"

OF LIVING.



And now I have a single thought,—
To dwell on some uncharted isle,
Till fishes charge for being caught,
And birds have learned to make their pile.

H. A. Bellows.

#### MATRIMONY.

The primary impulse of all creatures is possession. It is this that causes a chicken to tear around the yard with a piece of meat in its mouth and all the other chickens after it. Of course it cannot possibly eat the meat. It has n't time, but the instinct of possession makes him grab and keep it. The same

meat. It has n't time, but the instinct of possession makes him grab and keep it. The same is noticeable among beasts. They like to get a great piece of meat in their mouths and then growl. It is this instinct in man which pro-

vokes him to matrimony.

He wants something to guard and growl over.

So he seeks a hollow tree, a cave or a house, and a wife.

#### HAPPY FAMILY.

Mrs. Scrappington.

—A clergyman receives five or ten dollars for marrying a couple, and by-and-by a lawyer is paid a hundred dollars for getting a divorce for them—

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.— Well it's worth that much more, ain't it?

#### SEVERE CRITICS.

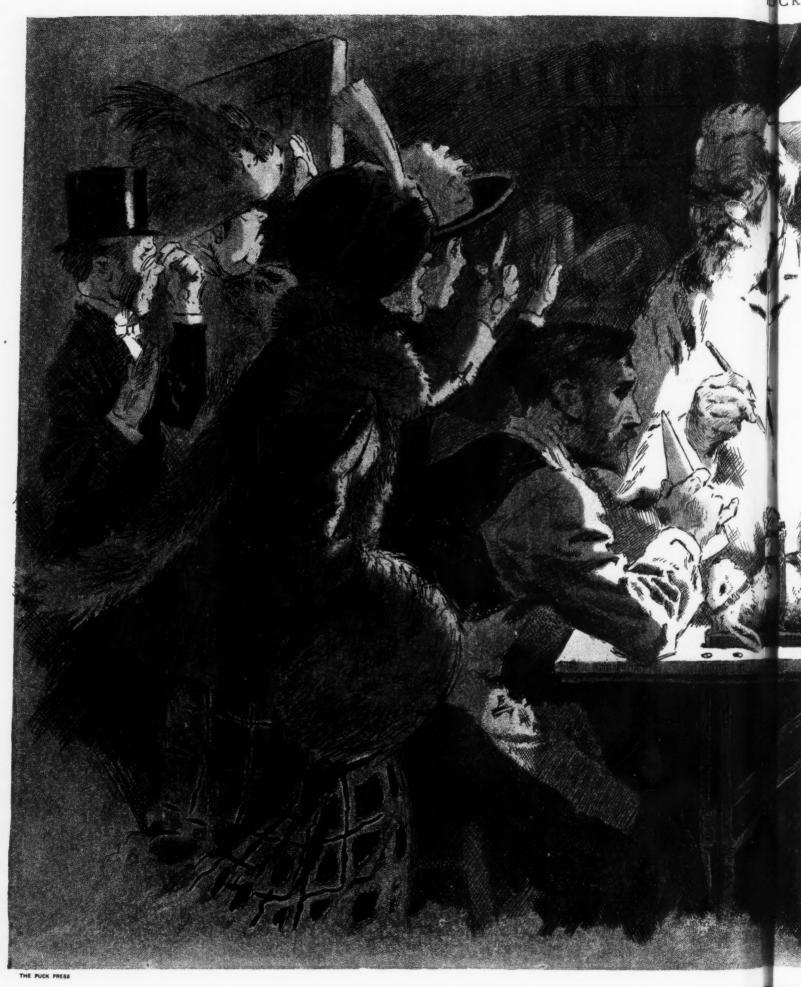
A LICE. —I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself!

GRACE. — Yes dear, your knight hath a thousand I's.

#### EASILY WORKED.

CRAWFORD.—The rich seem to have trouble in dodging the duty on the things they bring over.

things they bring over.
CRABSHAW. — Why don't they engage the same lawyers who show them how to dodge their taxes?



THE SENTIMENTALISTS.—For Mercy's Sake, Stop!



VIVICTION,

THE SUFFERERS.—For Humanity's Sake, Go On!

#### PUCK

### Among the White Lights.



XVII .- LEW FIELDS AND NAN BRENNAN IN A SCENE FROM "THE HENPECKS."



#### WEEK BEGINNING FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." Evenings 8:30. A modern drama.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings at 8. A musical panorama in nine pictures.

panorama in nine pictures.

Casino Bway and 39th. "Marriage à la Carte," with Emmy Wehlen and Harry Conor.
Evenings 8:15. A new musical comedy with much dancing.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do."
Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York with Nevada.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matiness 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. Victor Moore in "The Happiest Night of His Life." Evenings
8:15. A new musical comedy.

Daly's, Bway and 30th. William Faversham in "The Faun." Evenings 8:30. fantastical comedy by Edward Kuobloch.

Empire, Bway and 4oth. Ethel Barrymore in "The Twelve-Pound Look" and "Alice-Sit-by the-Fire." Evenings 8:15.

Gaiety, Bway and 40th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A farce comedy by Rupert Hughes.

Garden, Madison Sq. and 27th. Garden Stock Co. in German repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Garrick, 35th bet, 5th and 6th Aves. "The Zebra," by P. M. Porter. Evenings 8: 20 A new comedy. George M. Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-

Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8: 20. A typical musical mixture.

with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8: 20. A typical musical mixture.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Chauncey Olcott in "Barry of Ballymore." Evenings 8: 5. An Irish comedy. Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8: 20. A new farcical comedy of matrimonial mix-ups.

Hammerstein's Victoria. 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8: 15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8: 15. English comic opera in three acts. Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings 8: 30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood. Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8: 15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Frank Keenan.

Evenings 8:15.
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Frank Keenan,
"The New Leader," Conroy and Le Maire, and others.
Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Mande Adams in "Chantecler."
Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. "The Seven Sisters," with Charles Cherry. Evenings 8:20. A new comedy.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A drama built around the badger game.

Maxine Elliott's, 30th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life. Nazimova's, 30th St. nr. Bway. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:15. A comedy farce.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry." with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show. New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "The Blue Bird," "Nobody's Daughter," and "The Piper." Evenings 8:30.

New York, Bway and 45th. Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta," with Orville Harrold. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin
Chubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hajós, and others. Daily Matinee. Evenings 8:15. Opening date announced later.

later.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company.

Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John M'Closkey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

#### THE DRAMA.

A VERY great actress, dressing for a certain part, was scrupulously faithful to the original, even in the smallest detail. Her costume, in short, was a Work of Art, complying with all the traditions. But the

last word had not been spoken.

"Huh!" sniffed a much lesser actress. "Just watch me!"

Saying which, she essayed the part likewise, but she dressed solely with a view to making the women in the audience choke with envy. Her costume was an Enormous Hit.

Moral: It is possible for one to be so great that one will stand in one's own light.



NEWSPAPER COMMENT:

"King George sued the editor of an obscure publication for libel, the paper having stated that the King had morganatically married the daughter of an English admiral. This marked a distinct advance in the standards of kingship. It used to be a dull monarch that had n't a few morganatic wives, and was rather proud of the fact than otherwise.'

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.



KINGS DISPENSED WITH TRIALS IN FORMER DAYS.

Has larg How ma Must Bil

Ним Bi ingly, a Aı

more th



#### NINE LIVES. NINE DYES.

BARBER. - Mr. Katzenjam, will you have your whiskers dyed? MR. KATZENJAM (absently) .- Dyed? Er-yes-nine times, please!

#### THE FOUR BILLS.

THERE 'S Bill the First, the Presidential Bill,
Whose large proportions all the country fill, Whose thought moulds history in many ways, Whose words a nation-more or less-obeys.

The second Bill, the sage Congressional Bill, Has larger sway and wields a stouter will. How many times, in many a well-fought field, Must Bill the First to Bill the Second yield!

But Bill the Third, the mighty Dollar Bill, Has greater force and influence vaster still. Upon his beck and call the millions wait In market-places and the halls of State.

But Bill the Fourth, the little Dunning Bill,-Ah, his the final power, the reigning skill! When all the laws are writ, the deeds are done, This Bill the Fourth rules every mother's son! Amos R. Wells.

#### THE LATTER-DAY STYLE.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall, and in due order got the great fall which was to foist him into the public eye.

But it was now another generation—a generation of conveniences. Accordingly, an ambulance dashed up.

"Operate on him!" directed the surgeon briefly.

And after that, of course, all the king's oxen and all the king's men were more than ever powerless to put Humpty Dumpty together again.



#### ONLY ONE.

WEARY WALTER. - You've got your nerve going up to that house for a hand-out. Don't you know they keep a dog?

TATTERED TERRY. - Sure! What of it? De lady is one of dese Fletcherites, and after de dog gits one piece of you she makes him masticate it 492 times before she lets him take another bite!



## Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should be courteous when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

He will not knock at the telephone door and run away but will hold himself in readiness to speak as soon as the door is opened.

The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

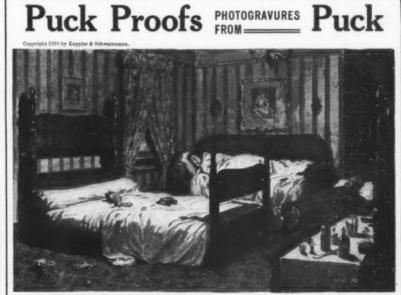
The success of the telephone democracy depends upon the ability and willingness of each individual to do his part.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



TIME, THREE A.M. - ASLEEP AT LAST.

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GALLANT YOUTH. — Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it.—New York Globe.

Young Wife (in a passion).—I'm going home to my mother! Husband (calmly).—Very good. Here's money for your railway fare. Wife (after counting it).—But that is n't enough for a return ticket.— Every Woman's Magazine.

### **HELLO, BROTHER!**

nd Gun.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER All Yours 25c.

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MOTHER.—I suppose you'll be a soldier, too, when you grow up, Billy? BILLY. - How many hours a day shall I have to fight? - Punch.

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

#### DISCORDANT ELEMENT.

- "What a flatterer Wooter Van Twiller is!" said the first belle.
- "Why, did he tell you that you looked nice?" said the second.
  "No," was the reply. "He told me you did!"—Washington Star.

"Just soap," is good enough for some, but most women insist on having Pears'. Ask some girl with a good complexion-why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

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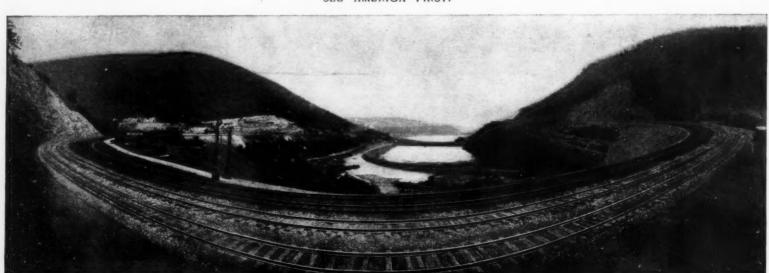
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K, New York.

"Who is to be his master?"

"She has n't got that far yet; at present she is merely just letting his hair grow."-Boston Globe.

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"May is dreadfully disappointed in her fiancé."

"What 's the trouble?"

"She's just found out that all those beautiful things he quoted from Shakespeare were n't original." - Cleveland Leader.



#### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

SALVATION SAL. - Will yer kindly assist the Army, friend? MULGA BILL. - Well, I wouldn't mind givin' yer a 'and, Miss, but I ain't ever played one in me life. - The Sydney Bulletin.

THE canny Scot wandered into the

pharmacy.

"I'm wanting threepenn'orth o' laudanum," he announced.

"What for?" asked the chemist

suspiciously.

"For twopence," responded the Scot at once. - Tit-Bits.

"How about this barefoot act you've booked for the Op'ry House? Some of the leading citizens are a little worried

"We have suppressed all the objectionable features

"That's just it. We was afeerd you would."—Courier-Journal.

"Is IT genuine Chippendale?"

"Absolutely, sir-

"But this looks like a crack right

"Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called out the men."-

"I UNDERSTAND your wife collaborates with you?"

"Yes, her work aids me immensely."

"I don't believe I have ever seen any of her writings."

"She does n't write; she prepares my meals."—Houston Post.



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"They tell me," said the fair widow, "that you are a student of human nature?

"Yes," admitted the old bachelor, "and I have learned a few things about women also." - Chicago Nervs.



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#### ACCORDING TO MAMMY.

"Dear mamma," wrote a bride transplanted from a Southern family to the North, "please have Mammy Johanna send me her recipe for hot-cakes

Mammy Johanna had presided in the kitchen for thirty years. With much

labor she wrote the recipe.

This was it: "Take as much flour as you need 'cordin' to how many folks they is to eat; put in some salt—Miss Mary knows how much; put in all the rest of the ingrediums, and be sure to have your griddle hot."—Sat. Evening Post.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER (perusing references).—Have you any knowledge of the silks-and-satins department?

APPLICANT.—Spent all my life among 'em, sir.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER.—And sheets and blankets? APPLICANT (forcibly).—Born among 'em, sir!—Tatler.

#### **EVERY DEALER KNOWS**

AMB the aft

that the most satisfactory brand of Whiskey he can offer

- Often, however, he recommends something else because there is more profit in the poorer kind.
- As a consumer you want the BEST, therefore, insist on HARPER. BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED LOUISVILLE, KY.



#### A HEAVY-WEIGHT.

"Jump, Fido! The bench is cracking!"-Le Rire.

Caroni Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring Sliced Fruits, Ices & Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

#### TOO POINTED.

OLD ROCKSEY .- Why did you quarrel with the Count, my dear? MISS ROCKSEY.—He called me his treasure, and it sounded altogether too suggestive.—Smart Set.

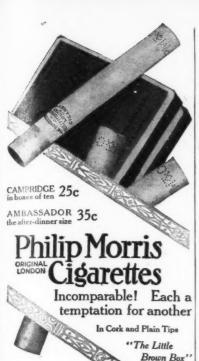
#### RETORT SARCASTIC.

Young Bride.—I did n't accept Harry the first time he proposed. Miss Ryval.—No dear, you were n't there.—Boston Transcript.

MANAGER.—What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?

PRESS-AGENT.—She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night.

MANAGER.—Great Scott! Ain't that enough? PRESS-AGENT.—Nope—she paid for ten.—Cleveland Leader.



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THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

Two men-an Englishman and a Scotchman-were traveling from Aberdeen to London in the train. reached Carlisle without exchanging a word, and during the stoppage there the Englishman got out and had some refreshment. When he got back to his compartment he found the Scotchman sitting where he had left him and looking more dour and solemn than ever.

"It's a long, wearisome journey," said the Englishman when the train started, by way of making conversation.

Gardiner

Gateway

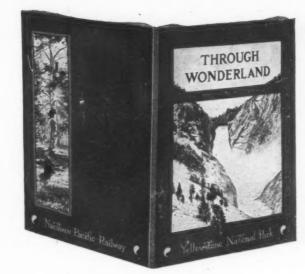
The Scotchman looked at him with an angry frown.

"So it ought to be," he replied, frigidly. "It costs fifty-nine and nine-pence."—London Globe.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

"In some parts of Africa," dilated the returned explorer, "one can buy a wife for half a pint of common glass

"Well," replied the fussy old bachelor, "no doubt a good wife is worth that much."—Lippincott's.



only line to the

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Season 1911: June 15 to Sept. 15

I You ought, by all means, to see this great Wonderland.

(Geysers, hot and mineral springs, emerald pools, mud volcanos, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds and fish---verily there is no place like it in all the world. A magnificent 143-mile coaching trip over Government-kept boulevards, pleasantly broken by stops in superb hotels where the service is equal to the best resorts in America. For the season of 1911 a new, enormous and beautiful hotel will be open at the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. You should plan to spend a month there. The cost is moderate---you will never regret it.

(C) Orchestras will be maintained at Mammoth Hot Springs and Grand Canyon Hotels during

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GOOD GOVERNMENT.

- "What's the trouble in Plunkville?"
- "We've tried a Mayor and we've tried a Commission."
- "Now we're thinking of offering the management of our city to some good magazine." Courier-Journal.



WE do not think a bow-legged girl would look very well in a hobble skirt .- Ohio State Journal.



Love Loving Puck

One Loving Coc

One some and in in

#### WHEREIN A CRUEL FATE AGAIN BLASTS CERTAIN HOPES.

Handled my digits awhile,
Now I could almost write verse on
How I was won by her smile;
How all that hair of hers glinted,
How—but my stock of words fails—
I was entranced while she tinted,
Polished, and poked at my nails.

True, she was busy and silent,
Yet I could see, just the same,
There was a spark in her eye lent
Courage to me in the game;
So, as she fondled my fingers
(Fondled, I'm sure, is the word;
Sweetly the memory lingers),
"Say, but it's cold," I averred.



"Ain't it," she said, as her buffer
Swiftly she handled with skill,
"Think how the poor people suffer!
I was just sayin' to Bill—
(Him and me's goin' to be married)—
That's all I heard that she said,
Not for a minute I tarried,—
Life is a frost, on the dead!

Berton Braley.

